

en upon him, and becomes him well. Other men may be more fluent in the pulpit, but not one whom I have ever known, shows forth the kindly, charitable spirit of the Master so constantly and so beautifully as he. His life is one constant sermon, eloquently and practically setting forth the love and mercy of our heavenly Father. He is a very unassuming man, who always pushes others to the front rather than himself, for his self esteem is so small that he thinks almost any one can do better than himself. But if he thinks little of himself and his ability, the people do not agree with him. His sermons, though generally very brief, are filled with such excellent advice and sound doctrine, all given in the kindest spirit, so that he has good congregations everywhere, and the confidence in which he is held by the people, is boundless. He would earnestly oppose my writing of him as I do, if he knew it; but all I could say a true Christian character, is true of him, and I'll not wait until he is dead to tell the world we have so good a man in the Calif. church. In his neighborhood, and even far beyond it, people seem to think a marriage would not be legal if he did not solemnize it, and his presence at funerals is considered almost a necessity. The best of it all is, that he fully deserves the confidence so freely given to him. May he live a thousand years, is my devout wish.

Brother Wolfe is the last of the earlier ministerial workers in the Calif. church. In my next, I shall speak of those who have entered the field since 1880.

Lathrop, Calif.

Home Circle

THE KETTLE

O I am a kettle! a kettle am I!
I never shall strive to deny it,
There's nothing about me that's sneaking or sly;
Deception, I never shall try it,
Bubble, I say! and bubble, I say!
Some folks may not like it, but that is my way.
I mind my own business, and give no trouble,
Bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble!
They say I am black. I admit it is true;
A respectable tint, and I love it.
I never, no never, set out to be blue;
As for yellow or red, I'm above it.
Bubble, I say! and bubble, I say!
I'm ready to talk any time of the day.
Heap on the coals, and my song I will double,
Bub-bub-bub-bubble, bub-bubble, bub-bubble!

—Laura Richards, in *St. Nicholas*

WOODEN SWEARING

"I hope dear children," said a mother, "that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you a kind of swearing I heard not long ago. She called it wooden swearing.

"It's a kind of swearing that many people besides children are given to when they are angry. Instead of venting their feelings in oaths, they slam doors, kick the chairs,

stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can.

"Isn't this just the same as swearing?" she said. "It's just the same kind of feeling exactly, only they do not say those awful words, but they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing."

"I hope, dear children, that you will not do any of this kind of swearing either. It is better to let alone wooden swearing and all kinds of swearing."—*Bible Advocate*.

A CHUM LOST

A pathetic incident is given in the *Detroit Free Press*. Would that more of us were as good "chums" as Dick!

A newsboy sat on the curbstone crying, when a pedestrian halted and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"What's wrong, sonny—lost something?"

"Naw, I ain't. Oh, oh, me chum's dead!"

"Oh, that's too bad! How did he die?"

"Runned over."

"So! Was there an inquest?"

"Inques' nothin'. He just hollered once't, and rolled over dead; and I wish't I was dead, too, along of him."

"Cheer up; you can find another chum."

"You wouldn't talk that way if you knowed Dick. He was the best friend I ever had. There warn't nothin' Dick wouldn't a done for me, and now he's d-d-dead and buried. I'm a wishin' I was too."

"Look here," said the man; "go and sell your papers, and take some poor, little ragged boy and be a chum to him. It'll help you, and do him good."

"Pshaw, mister, where's there a boy wot'd go around nights with me and be cold, and hungry, an' outen doors, and sleep on the groun' like Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bite till I'd had enuff. He were a Christian, Dick were."

"Then you can feel that he's all right, if he was such a faithful friend and a good boy."

"Boy? Dick a boy? Dick warn't only a ragged, good for nothing human boy, mister; Dick were a dog."—*Evangelist*.

A WORD TO THE BOYS

If you have anything to do, do it at once. Don't sit down in the rocking chair, and lose three quarters of an hour in dreaming the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first.

Keep this motto: Be on time in small things as well as great. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school, will be sure to get "left" in the important things of life.—*Morning Star*.

Christ has been the revealer of God to us. In him we see manifest the divinity that our poor minds could not otherwise at all comprehend. Through Christ we know God. In his person we behold the Infinite. And having seen, we love. Our hearts are very warm to Jesus as God manifest in the flesh.

Sisters' Society C. E.

CORNELL, ILL.

Dear Sisters:—I thought it might be of interest to others to know that we of the Cornell society are still alive, altho six months or more have passed in doing nothing. Sickness and other hindrances caused a standstill in our society. Our president was taken sick about eight months ago and is not able to be up yet, but we hope to see her able to be with us soon. Wednesday, October 6th, we met and reorganized our society. Nine have enlisted in the work again, and we hope to do a better work then ever before.

The officers elected are as follows: President, Hattie Grant; Vice President, Mrs. Eva Tompson; Secretary, Mrs. Maggie Rhodes; Treasurer, Mrs. A. Johnson. Pray for us here at Cornell, for we have hard battles to fight here. My prayer is that God will give us grace to stand for the cause of Christ and come out victors over all.

HATTIE GRANT.

HAS THE S. S. C. E. BEEN A SUCCESS SPIRITUALLY?

FLORA T. GRISSO

Nearly six thousand years ago God planted a garden in the east of Eden. Here lofty hills awakened to kiss a dawning day, silent rivers, gurgling brooks, and trickling rivulets sparkled in sunlight, and noble trees bent low before the winds caress. Here, too, "Hesperus, that led the starry host, rode brightest, till the moon rising in clouded majesty at length apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light. And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Here in this beautiful garden God created man after his own likeness, endowing him with life and reason. But the crowning glory of the Almighty's work was yet to come. There was found no help-mate for man, and like unto the artist's picture upon the canvas, or the sculptor's block of marble, the finer touch was given.

Lo! there stood a creature of exquisite charms, and beauty whose name was Woman. Creation was perfect. A noble pair they were; equal, the same duty, the same destiny—that of supreme obedience to God, whose arm encircled both, and yet not equal. He crowned with manly strength and sinewy muscles that he might the heavier burdens bear. She with womanly modesty and "sweet attractive grace," fitted to be his friend and associate, to walk by his side, hand in hand with him. Sin entered Paradise. Woman fell. But did man prove her superior in the promulgation of law and order? We answer no.

When temptation's cup was pressed to his not unwilling lips, he drank and sank from his momentary peroid of superiority to her level.

Upon a common place they stood once more. With her, he was equally disobedient to God's commands, and equally they bore a common penalty—death. "For dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return," has